

# The Brandon Mail.

*South Dakota Library*

Vol. 4.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887.

No. 34.

## The Weekly Mail

### WANTED.

#### Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR A SMALL FAMILY.—Apply at the Registry Office, City.

#### Stray Mare and Colt.

ON THE 3D SEPT., FROM SEC. 22, TP. 7, R. 19, A CHESTNUT MARE WITH 3 WHITE FEET, STAR IN FOREHEAD, BROAD W. ON FRONT OF BOTH SHOULDERS, THE COLD, A MAR. CHESTN. 1 YEAR OLD, STANDS ABOUT 15 HANDS HIGH. THE MARE HAD A ROPE HARNESS ON HER NECK, THE COLT HAD A LEATHER HALTER ON.

A SUITABLE REWARD WILL BE GIVEN TO ANY PERSON RETURNING THEM TO THE OWNER OR GIVING SUCH INFORMATION AS WILL LEAD TO THEIR RECOVERY.

J. H. STEINBURG,  
Carrollton, F. O., Man.

#### NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that a By-Law to authorize a loan of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the proposed FLOUR MILL at BOHSSLE-VAIN has been duly passed by the Council of the Municipality of Whitewater, that the terms of the due passing of the said By-Law and of the requirements of the statute in that behalf, preliminary to its being so passed, having been complied with, have been submitted to the Municipal Commissioners, who will be applied to for a certificate as to said law under the provisions of section 319 of the Manitoba Municipal Act, 1886, on or after the 15th day of October, 1887.

DATED AT SHEPPARDVILLE THE 5TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1887.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Manitoba Cottages," will be received at this office until Monday, 10th October, for New Tenement Cottages, for the Manitoba Penitentiary.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Mr. Smith, Clerk of the Works, Winnipeg, after Tuesday, 13th instant, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

By order,  
A. GORELL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 5th Sept., 1887.

#### OYSTERS!!!

AT THE

#### OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT, TENTH STREET.

THE undersigned has now completed arrangements for the Fall and Winter Trade in J. M. W. Nicol's Continental Brand, received Fresh Daily.

Try these Delicate Oysters, served in every style, from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Also by the Gallon, Pail or Barrel, at Winnipeg Wholesale Prices to the Trade.

#### Mrs. E. CHUBB,

Direct Importer and Sole Agent in this District for J. M. W. Nicol, Baltimore.

#### FARMERS ATTENTION!

If you want to see the only

#### ALL STEEL BINDER

SOLD IN BRANDON,

Come to the COCHRANE MFG. CO'S OLD STAND.

WE CAN SELL YOU A

#### Mower and Rake

25 per cent. Cheaper than any other Firm.

#### WE KEEP REPAIRS

For Cochrane Mfg. Co's Goods, Jas. Pickard's Goods, & Wide-Awake Thrashers.

#### FIRST CLASS

#### SEWING MACHINES

On Hand.

Everything we Sell is Guaranteed.

#### Stock taken in Exchange

Years,

SMITH & SHIRIFF.

WE SELL THE CHEAPEST.

Flumerfelt  
& Powers,  
Avenue,

Go to the Express and  
Telegraph Offices.

Our Goods and Prices  
Cannot be Beaten.

BRING YOUR CASH  
AND SEE.

AND SHOES.

### WANTED.

A SERVANT, immediately. Apply to

Mrs. T. M. DALY,

18th Street,

Brandon, Sept. 14th, 1887.

### WANTED,

#### In Brandon,

TOWN LOT, between 8th and 13th streets,

on either Rosser, Princess or Lorne Avenue.

Apply, if by letter stating figures, to

J. B. GRAHAM,

MAIL Office, Brandon.

On Monday, Mr. Keenleyside shipped the

first car of new wheat from this city.

Mr. R. Wilson paid Rapid City a visit last week.

The fog and Wiggins' wind storm struck Brandon on Tuesday and made many a roof shake.

A wolf attacked a child belonging to Mr. Win, Connell, of Bridge Creek, recently, and but for the timely arrival of the child's mother, the wolf would have injured it seriously if not fatally.

The Millbrook Messenger speaks of Mr. Wing having made a flying visit. We know of nothing strange about that; if Wing could not fly, we do not know who could.

It is reported that Prof. Dauphin who "tricked" the boys here so much to their satisfaction a few weeks ago is behind a lock and key at Moosejaw for fraud.

M. J. H. Hughes has at long last brought in about 300 bushels of wheat from this fall's threshing. He is storing it up for a better price and will himself leave this week for the scene of his new enterprise saw-milling at Rat Portage.

The Rapid City Spectator has the following:

We take it the Winnipeg firm is O'Loughlin Bros. They certainly conduct business on execrable principles and should be shunned by the entire printing fraternity of the country. A Winnipeg agent for a printing establishment has been doing the town this week. It is a pity that such hawks do not ground the head of transient traders so that they could be made an example of. This thing of agents canvassing printing offices for orders for paper and then canvassing the business men of the town for orders for printed matter at rates much the same as they ask the printer for the blank paper should be exposed, and the firms mean enough to do it should be boycotted by every printing office in the country. A convention of master printers from all parts of the province is badly needed in order to adjust several interest of importance to the printing business. This question has often been mentioned. Why not have it come about.

We were glad to see Mr. John Parr in the city Monday the first time since his attack of fever. He took out a whole drug shop with him for the benefit of his neighbours, and is now an acting physician for Woodworth, if Norquay's law will not punish him for practising without a license.

Mr. G. Broadbent, of Alexander, takes the cake in large potatoes. He left one at Strome and Whitelays' store the other day weighing 4 lbs. 3 ozs. It was somewhat mortified in appearance, but it was not the less a single potato from the one shot.

Mr. A. Rowe of this place got first and second prizes for turnips and first for pumpkins at the Toronto exhibition. Ontario has taken the first on wheat against the protest of Mr. Waugh in charge of the exhibits. In fact this is not to be wondered at as none of our best samples were got ready for many days after the exhibit left the country—in reality the best samples are not yet threshed out.

The scarcity of farm help at this season of the year is a great draw back to the country, and likely to remain a permanent one, as no farmer can afford to keep enough hands all the year round to help him through the harvest. It is safe to say that even with fine weather in the interval it will yet take two weeks to finish the sticking, and then threshing and ploughing will keep all hands busy until the ground freezes up.

It is to be regretted something cannot be done to get our agricultural grounds into some thing like satisfactory shape. The ground originally cost \$3,800, the Turf Club have spent some \$5,500 upon it in track buildings &c; and the Society proper expended \$5,000, making the whole total cash about \$16,000. The original owner holds a mortgage for about \$2,000 and he threatens trouble if he does not get his money. If our Local government only expended its surplus cash in grants to such institutions as this instead of building railways for the accommodation of the people of Winnipeg, it would be infinitely better for the people.

The Grits of Brandon who owned 120 acres of land in 35 13-20 (the old Berland place) sold it last week to a man from Ontario for \$1000.

The Rapid City Academy opens on the first of November.

Sixty-three bushels of wheat to the acre was the yield of five acres belonging to Mr. T. Wood, of Michie, north of Virden, which was threshed last week by Messrs. Nichol & Michie. It will be difficult to beat this.

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## JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,  
Author of "King Solomon's Mines" &c &c.

"Go on, stand; knock a rein over his neck get him by the tail; knock him down with a yoke-shoe; turn the old bull on his back!" shouted the crowd of soldiers from the window, taking very good care, however, to clear off to the right and left in order to leave room for the expected bullet.

Hans positively burst into tears, and Muller, who was the only one who held him round, caught him by the arm, and, putting out all his strength, swung him toward Silas Croft.

For reasons of his own he was anxious that the latter should shoot one of them, and he chose Hans Croft, whom he "judged and despised, for the sacrifice.

Up went the rifle, and at that moment Bessie, who had been standing huddled up, made a dash at it, knowing that bloodshed could only make matters worse. As she did so it exploded, but not before she had shaken her uncle's arm, for instead of killing Hans, as it undoubtedly would otherwise have done, the bullet cut his ear and then passed out through the open window place. In an instant the room was filled with smoke. Hans Croft clapped his hand to his head, and commenced to yell with pain and terror, and in the confusion that ensued three or four men, headed by the Kaffir Hendrik, rushed into the room and sprang upon Silas Croft, who had retreated to the wall and was struggling with his back against it, his rifle, which he had clasped in both his hands, raised above his head.

When his assailants got close to him they facilitated for speed and bent as he was, the old man looked like mischief. He seized the rifle and **sawed** the rifle stock about.

Presently one of the men struck at him and missed him, but before he could repeat Silas brought down the stock of his rifle on his assailant's head; he went like an ox beneath a yoke. They lay close upon him, but for a while he kept them off, knifing down another man in his efforts. As he did so the white doctor, Hendrik, who had been watching for his opportunity, brought down the barrel of his old bowing piece upon Silas' bald head and pulled him down. Fortunately the blow was not a very heavy one, or it would have caved his skull in. As it was it only cut his head open and knocked him down.



AS SHE DID SO IT EXPLODED.

Thereupon the whole mass of Boers, with the exception of Muller, who was standing watching, seeing that he was now defenseless, got upon him and would have killed him to death had not Bessie precipitated herself upon him with a cry and thrown her arms about him to protect him.

Then Frank Muller interfered, fearing lest she should be hurt. Plunging into the fray with a curse, he exercised his great strength, throwing the men this way and that like puppets and finally dragging Silas to his feet again.

"Come!" he shouted, "take him out of this!" and accordingly, with threats and oaths, the poor old man, whose fringe of white locks was red with blood, was kicked and dragged and pushed on to the veranda, then off it to the drive, where he fell over the body of the murdered Kaffir boy, and finally hauled up to the open space by the flagstaff, on which the Union Jack, that he had planted there some two months before, still waved bravely in the breeze. Here he sank down upon the grass, his back against the flagstaff, and asked faintly for some water. Bessie, who was weeping bitterly, and whose heart felt as though it were bursting with anguish and indignation, pushed her way through the men, and, running to the house, got soon in a glass and brought it to him. One of the brutes tried to knock it out of her hand, but she avoided him and gave it to her uncle, who drank it greedily.

"Thank you, love, thank you," he said, "don't be frightened, I ain't much hurt. Ah, if only John had been here, and we had had an hour's notice, we would have held the place against them all."

Meanwhile one of the Boers, getting on the shoulders of another, had succeeded in untying the cord on which the Union Jack was fast and hauling it down. Then they reversed it and hoisted it half mast high, and began to cheer for the republic.

"Perhaps Uncle Silas does not know that we are a republic again now," said one of the men, a near neighbor of his own, in mockery. "What do you mean by a republican?" asked the old man. "The Transvaal is a British colony."

There was a shout of derision at this. "The English government has surrendered," said the same man. "The country is given up, and the British are to evacuate it in six months."

"It is a lie!" said Silas, springing to his feet, "a cowardly lie! Whoever says that the English have given up the country to a few thousand blackguards like you, and deserted its subjects and the loyal and the natives, is a liar—a liar from hell!"

There was another shout of mockery at this outburst, and when it had subsided Frank Muller stepped forward.

"It is no lie, Silas Croft," he said, "and the cowards are not we Boers, who have beaten you again and again, but your soldiers, who have done nothing but run away, and your government, that follows the example of your soldiers. Look here—and I he took a paper out of his pocket—know that signature, I suppose. It is one of the triumphs. Listed to what he says, and he read aloud:

**WELL BELOVED HERR MULLER—**This is to inform you that, by the strength of our arms fighting for the right and freedom, and

also by the cowardice of the British government, generals and soldiers, we have by the will of the Almighty concluded this day a glorious peace with the enemy. The British government surrenders nearly everything except in the name. The republic is to be re-established, and the soldiers who are left will leave the land within six months. Make this known to every one, and forget not to thank God for our glorious victories."

The Boers shouted aloud, as well they might, and Bessie wrung her hands. As for Jantje, he leaned against the flagstaff, and his pale head sank upon his breast, as though he were about to faint. Then suddenly he lifted it, and, with clasped and quivering fists held high in the air, broke out into a torrent of blasphemy and cursing, and even the Boers fell back for moment, dumbfounded by the force of the fury wrung from his utter humiliation.

It was an appalling sight to see this poor old man fearing no man, his face livid, his gray hair stained with blood and his clothes never rent from his body, stamp and reel to and fro. He plucked his blaster and the day that he was born, having exertions at his beloved country and the name of Englishman and the government that had deserted him, he had uttered his last curse, and the bullet had only made matters worse.

As she did so it exploded, but not before she had shaken her uncle's arm, for instead of killing Hans, as it undoubtedly would otherwise have done, the bullet cut his ear and then passed out through the open window place. In an instant the room was filled with smoke. Hans Croft clapped his hand to his head, and commenced to yell with pain and terror, and in the confusion that ensued three or four men, headed by the Kaffir Hendrik, rushed into the room and sprang upon Silas Croft, who had retreated to the wall and was struggling with his back against it, his rifle, which he had clasped in both his hands, raised above his head.

When his assailants got close to him they facilitated for speed and bent as he was, the old man looked like mischief. He seized the rifle and **sawed** the rifle stock about.

Presently another in the party who was leading entered at the back of the house. After the one who had known Silas Croft down and assisted in the pleasing operation of dragging him to the flagstaff, it had occurred to his villainous heart that the present would be a good opportunity to pour personally by the confusion, and possibly to add to the Englishman's misfortunes by doing him some injury on his own account. Accordingly, just before Frank Muller began to read the dispatch announcing the English surrender, he slipped away into the house, which was now to be easily deserted, to see what he could do.

He slipped into the sitting room, and there he was to be a witness to the following:

"The house is burning down!" cried Bessie, utterly bewildered by this new misfortune.

"Hush, you!" shouted Muller to the gaping Boers, "go and see if anything can be saved. Now we must get out of this mad, stamping down, he picked up Silas Croft in his arms and walked off with him, following Bessie, toward the plantation, on their left, which was the same there. Jantje had taken refuge in the water of this plantation was a little glade surrounded by young orange and blue gum trees. Here he put the old man down upon a bed of dead leaves and soft, springy grass, and then hurried away, without a word, to the fire, only to find that the house was utterly无可救药. In fifteen minutes, such was the rapidity with which the flames did their work upon the mass of hay straw and the wood and leaves beneath, the whole of the interior of the house was a glowing incubus of fire, and in half an hour it was completely gutted, nothing being left standing but the massive outer walls of stone, over which a dense column of smoke hung like a pall. Moonlight was a blanched ruin, only the stable and outhouses, which were roofed with galvanized iron, being left uninjured.

Frank Muller had not been gone five minutes when, to Bessie's joy, her uncle opened his eyes and sat up.

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "Ah! I recognize! What is all this smoke and fire? Surely they have not burned the place?"

"Yes, uncle," sobbed Bessie, "they have."

The old man groaned. "It took me ten years to build, bit by bit, almost stone by stone, and now they have destroyed it. Well, why not? God will be done! Give me your arm, love; I want to get to the water. I feel faint and sick."

He did as he bade her, sobbing bitterly. Within fifteen yards, on the edge of the plantation, was a little point or mound of water, and of this he drank copiously and bathed his wretched head and face.

"There, love," he said, "don't fret; I feel quite myself again. I fear I made a fool of myself. I haven't learned to bear my fortune and desolation as I should yet, and like Jantje, I feel as though God had forsaken me. But, as I said, God will be done. What is the next move, I wonder? And we shall soon know, for here comes our friend Frank Muller."

"I imagined to see that you have recovered, uncle," said Muller, politely, "and I am sorry to have to tell you that the house is beyond help. Believe me, if I know who fired it I would shoot him. It was not my wish or intention that the property should be destroyed."

The old man merely bowed his head and made no answer. His very spirit seemed to be crushed out of him.

"What is it your pleasure that we should do?" said Bessie at last. "Perhaps, now that we are ruined, you will allow us to go to Natal, which I suppose, is still safe. I will be your guide, and I will lead you to the water. I will go with you, and when I have made ready for you, and as soon as the heat is less you can go there, and, turning to the men who had followed him, he gave some rapid orders, which two of them departed to carry out."

Still the old man made no comment; he did not even seem indignant or surprised; but poor Bessie was utterly prostrated and stood helpless, not knowing what to say to this terrible, remorseless man, who stood so calm and unmoved the day before them.

Frank Muller paused a while to think, striking his breast as he did so, then turned again and addressed the two remaining men behind him.

"You will keep guard over the prisoner," indicating Silas Croft, "and suffer none to communicate with him by word or sign. As soon as it is ready you will place him in the little room to the left of the wagon house, and see that he is supplied with all he wants. If he escapes, or converses, or is ill treated, I will hold you responsible. Do you understand?"

"Yah, meinheer," was the answer.

"Very good; be careful you do not forget.

And now, Miss Bessie, I shall be glad if you can give me a word alone."

"No," said Bessie; "no, I will not leave my uncle."

"I fear you will have to do that," he said, with his cold smile. "If beg you to think again. It will be very much to your advantage to speak to me, and to your uncle's advantage also. I should advise you to come."

and crept round to a point of vantage in a little plantation seventy or eighty yards to the right of the house, whence he could watch the conflagration that he knew must ensue, for the fire had taken instant and irretrievable hold, and also see what the Boers were doing.

Ten minutes or so afterward that amiable character Hendrik partially regained his senses, to find himself surrounded by a score, in which he perished miserably, not having power to move, and his feeble cries being totally swallowed up and lost in the fierce roarings of the flames, even had there been anybody there to hear them. And that was the very appropriate end of Hendrik and the magic of Hendrik.

Down by the flagstaff the old man lay in his fit, with Bessie holding him and a posse of Boers standing round, smacking and laughing or lounging about with an air of lordly superiority well worthy of victory in possession.

"Will none of you help me to take him to the boneyard?" she cried. "Surely you have ill-treated an old man enough."

Hendrik stirred, not even Frank Muller, who was gazing at her, took notice of his stir, with a fierce smile playing round the corners of his clean-cut mouth, which his hand was turned to leave alone.

"It will pass, Miss Bessie," he said. "It will pass. I have often seen such fits. They come from too much excitement, or too much fatigue."

He suddenly leaped off with an exclamation, and pointed to the house, from the roof of which puffs of blue smoke were rising. "Who has fired the house?" he shouted. "To Heaven! I will shoot the man."

The Boers started round and stared in astonishment, and as they did so the tinder roof burst into a broad sheet of flame that grew and gathered in brightness and height with an almost marvelous rapidity. Just then, too, a light breeze sprang up from over the hill at the rear of the house, as it sometimes did at this time of the day, and lent the flames over toward them in an immense arch of fire, so that the flames and heat and smoke began to beat upon their faces.

"Oh, the house is burning down!" cried Bessie, utterly bewildered by this new misfortune.

"Hush, you!" shouted Muller to the gaping Boers, "go and see if anything can be saved. Now we must get out of this mad, stamping down, he picked up Silas Croft in his arms and walked off with him, following Bessie, toward the plantation, on their left, which was the same there. Jantje had taken refuge in the water of this plantation was a little glade surrounded by young orange and blue gum trees. Here he put the old man down upon a bed of dead leaves and soft, springy grass, and then hurried away, without a word, to the fire, only to find that the house was utterly无可救药. In fifteen minutes, such was the rapidity with which the flames did their work upon the mass of hay straw and the wood and leaves beneath, the whole of the interior of the house was a glowing incubus of fire, and in half an hour it was completely gutted, nothing being left standing but the massive outer walls of stone, over which a dense column of smoke hung like a pall. Moonlight was a blanched ruin, only the stable and outhouses, which were roofed with galvanized iron, being left uninjured.

Frank Muller had not been gone five minutes when, to Bessie's joy, her uncle opened his eyes and sat up.

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "Ah! I recognize! What is all this smoke and fire? Surely they have not burned the place?"

"Yes, uncle," sobbed Bessie, "they have."

The old man groaned. "It took me ten years to build, bit by bit, almost stone by stone, and now they have destroyed it. Well, why not? God will be done! Give me your arm, love; I want to get to the water. I feel faint and sick."

He did as he bade her, sobbing bitterly. Within fifteen yards, on the edge of the plantation, was a little point or mound of water, and of this he drank copiously and bathed his wretched head and face.

"There, love," he said, "don't fret; I feel quite myself again. I fear I made a fool of myself. I haven't learned to bear my fortune and desolation as I should yet, and like Jantje, I feel as though God had forsaken me. But, as I said, God will be done. What is the next move, I wonder? And we shall soon know, for here comes our friend Frank Muller."

"I imagined to see that you have recovered, uncle," said Muller, politely, "and I am sorry to have to tell you that the house is beyond help. Believe me, if I know who fired it I would shoot him. It was not my wish or intention that the property should be destroyed."

The old man merely bowed his head and made no answer. His very spirit seemed to be crushed out of him.

"What is it your pleasure that we should do?" said Bessie at last. "Perhaps, now that we are ruined, you will allow us to go to Natal, which I suppose, is still safe. I will be your guide, and I will lead you to the water. I will go with you, and when I have made ready for you, and as soon as the heat is less you can go there, and, turning to the men who had followed him, he gave some rapid orders, which two of them departed to carry out."

Still the old man made no comment; he did not even seem indignant or surprised; but poor Bessie was utterly prostrated and stood helpless, not knowing what to say to this terrible, remorseless man, who stood so calm and unmoved the day before them.

Frank Muller paused a while to think, striking his breast as he did so, then turned again and addressed the two remaining men behind him.

"You will keep guard over the prisoner," indicating Silas Croft, "and suffer none to communicate with him by word or sign. As soon as it is ready you will place him in the little room to the left of the wagon house, and see that he is supplied with all he wants. If he escapes, or converses, or is ill treated, I will hold you responsible. Do you understand?"

"Yah, meinheer," was the answer.

"Very good; be careful you do not forget.

And now, Miss Bessie, I shall be glad if you can give me a word alone."

"No," said Bessie; "no, I will not leave my uncle."

"I fear you will have to do that," he said, with his cold smile. "If beg you to think again. It will be very much to your advantage to speak to me, and to your uncle's advantage also. I should advise you to come."

**BESSIE DESPISED.** She hated and mistrusted the man, as she had good reason to do, and feared to trust herself alone with him.

While she hesitated the two Boers under whose watch and ward Muller had placed her uncle came and stood between him and her, cutting her off from him. Muller turned and walked a few paces—ten or so—to the right, and in desperation she followed him. He halted behind a bushy orange tree of some eight years' growth. Overhanging him, she stood silent waiting for him to begin. They were quite close to the others, but the roar of the flames of the burning house was still sufficiently loud to have drowned a much more audible conversation than theirs.

"What is it if you have to say to me?" she said at length, pressing her hand against her heart to still its beating. Her uncle told her she soon realized the real impossibility. The door was locked upon her before it. She rose and an air hole in the wall sent her. She was then the room. She was half the room, and measles in sacks, and upon her.

There was no window, only light in it was seen through the cracks of the hole in a half-emptied sun.

The two men struggled, and she was led through the gap in the partition, and searched through the room. She was then the room. She was half the room, and measles in sacks, and upon her.

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Mail Contract.

SEPARATE SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 4th November next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, each way, between Pheasant Forks and Wolseley via Sorle, Chideley, Hill Farm and Ellishoto, computed distance 30½ miles, from the 1st January. One tender to state the price for a weekly, and another for a semi-weekly service. Tenders must state distinctly which end of the route the person tendering proposes to start from.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender obtained at the Post Offices at the termini of, and all along the route, and at this office.

W. W. MCLEOD,  
Post Office Inspector.  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Winnipeg, 19th Sept., 1887.



Oxford & New Glasgow Railway.  
SEG.—MINGO ROAD TO PICTOU TOWN,  
BRANCH OF L. C. R.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the un-drawn and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

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